

WOMEN'S  
WORK IN  
WESTERN  
CANADA

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A SEQUEL TO "WORDS FROM THE WOMEN  
OF WESTERN CANADA"



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CUTTING THE GRAIN—WESTERN CANADA

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# Women's Work in Western Canada

The Story of their Struggles and  
Successes as told by Themselves



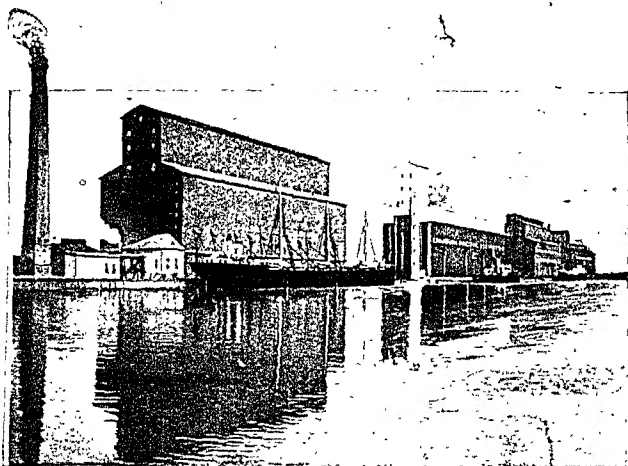
THE material aid of the pioneer women in developing the Canadian West and transforming a wilderness into a great prosperous Home Land imposes a debt of gratitude which the country can never fully repay.

The object of this booklet is to tell the story of their early days, of their brave struggles against poverty, of their ceaseless toiling and of their bright hopes now abundantly realized. The tales are simply the reproduction of their own words freely and voluntarily given to the writer whose only instructions were to obtain the actual facts which are here set forth without exaggeration. These women pioneers were personally visited and the interviews printed were obtained directly from them. Names, places and dates are furnished and if additional information is wanted it may be obtained by addressing the persons mentioned. The life stories told, however, bear the impress of truth and the comfortable and happy homes, the broad acres, overflowing barns and well stocked byres scattered throughout Manitoba,

Saskatchewan and Alberta are mute corroborating witnesses of the splendid success which has crowned the struggles of these energetic women.

While farming is not the only successful method of money making in Western Canada it is the certain way. Space does not permit the publication of many interesting experiences of women who have engaged in other occupations. Farm lands are each year being brought closer to markets by the rapid development of the Canadian Pacific and other railways now covering this western land and the growth of settlement has done away with the isolation of early days.

The value of lands has, of course, advanced materially and the amount of capital required to purchase is consequently increasing steadily.



GRAIN ELEVATORS AT FORT WILLIAM

## Newcomers on the Trail

On November 9th, 1905, a young English couple were met on the Eagle Hills trail, South Battleford, and with them a wagon load of household goods, with which they were preparing to start life in the western world. Young, brimming over with health and hope for the future, they had come to Canada to find fortune, secure in the belief that what they sought would come to them. The husband, named Wakefield, had been in Canada before; had worked on a Manitoba farm, and after accumulating sufficient means to return to England, had sailed the ocean blue, and gone home, married, bought rented rights on an English farm and started in to make money. How he came to give it all up is better told in his own words:

"I had made money in Canada—felt satisfied that I might go home and live there in comfort, with a tidy little place of my own. I went, settled down, got married and took over a rented place in Surrey, paying 132 pounds English money per annum, with rates and taxes added to this amount. I chafed at the idea of rates and taxes, but I was satisfied to pay rental, even at that figure; but four years of it satisfied me that I had made a mistake. I had a tidy farm of 169 acres; stock and grain, but the market wasn't like a Canadian market, and I couldn't help comparing the prices. We had to sell, sell, sell, and we found ourselves working hard and rates and taxes, with rental coming round so often due; that I said to wife, what do you say to trying Canada once more?

"She had her poultry and her butter work, but she said if I thought well of coming she would follow me, and we sold out at a bit of a sacrifice and sailed for the west. I've nothing to say against England, it's a fine place for a man with capital; but capital you must have or you are classed as a pauper. The drawback to farm life at home is rent, taxes, rates and the necessity for fertilizing the land. It takes all a man makes to keep him alive, and you can't own anything when your life work is done! The land is only for the very rich; you can't buy—there's

no land to be had, and that is why you find Englishmen coming over here; we know land is plentiful, best quality, free grant and purchasing on terms to suit the small means man. I'm on my way now to my homestead, and I'm not afraid to predict that we shall get along well. My wife is delighted with the climate, and this sunshine seems something wonderful. I can scarcely believe it is November, for we came prepared to find things fairly rough for the first winter. I'm back in Canada for good, and I've brought out two English friends who are following close up in the rear; they will take up land near us and if you come this way again perhaps we shall be able to introduce you to a few more Britishers, for it seems as though one becomes an immigration agent by instinct once he touches Canadian soil. You see, we want others to share our joys."

### First Servant, Now Mistress

Odessa, Russia, sent two excellent representatives to Western Canada when Michael Krauss and his good wife came out as wage earners to the great lone land. Krauss' wife says: "When I came to this country first I was servant at Government House, Regina, and worked for wages. Now, mistress in my own happy home, I look about me and wonder why more women do not come to Canada, where such chances for making good homes are to be found? When I came out here I could not speak one word of English; neither could Michael, but we got along fine. In 1900, we came to Milestone (a wayside town on the Portal-Pasqua line of the C.P.Ry.) and squatted on a homestead of 160 acres, paying out \$10 (£2) for the same. All the capital we had was that saved from wages, which were good and liberal always. My!" said Mrs. Krauss, "women do well who come to Western Canada; just think how I got along? Work, especially housework, is paid so well for, and even a servant is considered in this country. In the old country a servant remains a servant always; here she becomes mistress of her own house."

Krauss looks the independent settler, and he says



FIRST SERVANT, NOW MISTRESS



he is satisfied, because: "I have not only a time-served homestead of 160 acres good land, but my five years' labor on it has given me a cash capital in hand of \$10,000 (£2,000). Don't you think that is pretty good—showing for a 'foreigner?' Here I am, still a young man, my home, stock, grain fields, implements, wife and children; money laid away, and, well, just look at this picture of my little family; the tame deer you see there belongs to the boy, we captured it when young, on the place, and it stays around just like a calf. I'm proud of my success in this country and I would like to tell every Russian man and woman to come to Canada before all the land is gone."

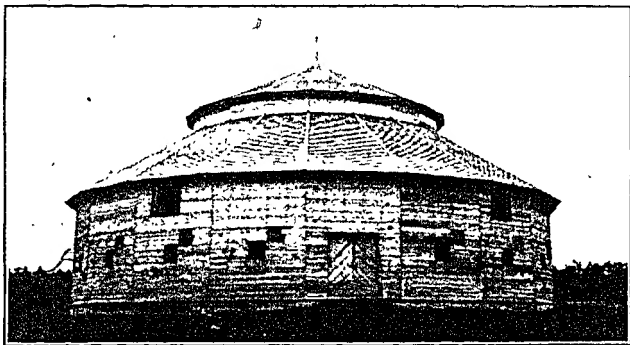
No more respected man than Michael Krauss, late of Odessa, in Russia, plowman and pauper of the Old World, is met with to-day in prairie Canada. He is well dressed, well spoken, well housed and well satisfied with his progress, and why not? \$10,000 (£2,000) capital aside from farm-ranch, stock and implements is a pretty good showing for a man of thirty-five.

### A Woman Who "Beats the Record"

Twenty-three years ago Mrs. T. Henderson, wife of a British Columbia prospector, with her husband and six children, one a babe in arms, started to cross the Canadian Rockies, travelling by pack-horse, and in four months time made 1,000 miles, by the famous Yellow Head Pass, fording rivers, climbing mountains, and covering this tremendous march, her baby strapped to her bosom, two little ones, panniered to her horse's side, and straggling behind, the laden native horses carrying the rest of the family and the small possessions they owned. Of this time, Mr. Henderson, now a sonsy, smiling grandparent, says: "Had we only known of the after satisfaction to be gained by this perilous trip it would have, in a degree, cheered the days and weeks of that journey. We unpacked our bags and faced the first winter of the great Lone Land. It was October—but even at that season of the year the mud floor of our log

shack, with an open fireplace kindled to a merry glow, seemed like heaven after the toil of the mountain trip.

"We were penniless, ragged from the travel, and tired out, but the cheery welcome we received from scattered settlers who had not seen a white woman in years warmed our hearts. I baked bread for neighboring bachelors and did their mending, sewing and home comforts generally, and the first money I made in the country was made in darning socks. I was called "mother" by every man in the settlement. My husband took up a homestead, and when spring came put the plow to the first furrow. It



THE HENDERSON BARN

was all uphill work at first, but we were all healthy, and the horses did well on the prairie vetches, and we actually bought a cow."

It would take a whole book to recite the story of that upward and onward struggle of the little family of eight. Briefly touching upon the points relative to the winning out, it may be told how this wonderful woman, still working industriously, still believing in the western homeland, still winning prizes in life's lottery, made the place in happy farm life which she now holds. Her bee farm (out

of a single hive) now numbers 30 swarms. Last year the extracted sweets sold in Strathcona, her nearest town, at 20 cents per pound, honey in the comb bringing her in five cents more. Each year the Henderson honey carries off first prizes, and beeswax, too, is one of the cash returns from this hive work. One banner season gave the astounding quantity of four thousand pounds of the nectarine, which was produced at little or no cost; the wild, white clover on which the bees thrive being in abundance in the broad lying fields of the West from April until late November, and," said Mrs. Henderson, "I know of no country in all the world where bees can be handled at less cost and with greater cash results."

Another source of income has been the small wild fruits. A diligent gardener, within a large square you find every variety of fruit and flowers which a dealer's catalogue might name. Her preserved fruits and fruits from the bushes are shown at the agricultural fair, and she outdistances all competitors in each competition. Here you might say effort exhausts itself in prairie production; but not so, for there is still the dairy to visit, and here you come at a prime source of income. A fine herd of Jersey cows give to the market 100 pounds of best quality per week, and top-notch prices are accorded this princess of butter makers on the plains. Her dairy cheese stands second to none, and her books, kept in fine shape, show where 12 cows gave the record output of 300 pounds of butter in the month of August, besides giving the family table all that it demanded.

"Well," you say, "surely you have no more domestic fields to conquer, Mrs. Henderson?"

"Well," said the lady, laughing, "I won't overlook a chief source of my pride—and income. Look at this bunch of red tickets, representing first prizes for home-made bread and buns," and then this wonderful woman brings out a straw hat, which she calls her "crowning glory," and tells you that it was cut from the straw of the fields, woven at the fireside, and took the first prize at the

Edmonton Fair last year. The hat itself equalled anything a hatter might send out to the trade; it is well shaped, beautifully woven and had a fancy edge, quite an up-to-date hat, and indeed a "crowning glory" to womanly resources.

"Anyone can 'make good' in the prairie west. Effort more than capital is required out west. Wealth is won by never-ceasing work, here as elsewhere, and you may say, if you want my personal opinion, that the Hendersons came penniless to Alberta, and that they have won out. But then," said the lady, "everybody says we have had extraordinary luck."

### Chopped Out Fortune With an Axe

Spiers, Sr., is one of the best known men in the South Battleford district, where he arrived with a family of boys and girls, worth exactly "O." Mr. Spiers tells how he started out from Brampton, Ontario, with limited capital contained in a wallet which by some unhappy chance he dropped while crossing the plains, arriving at the ferry on the Saskatchewan with a single dollar with which to face the western world.

"I bought an axe with that dollar," said Mr. Spiers, "and with that weapon of warfare chopped my way clear through to independence!" Mr. Spiers now, at eighty years of age, resides in great comfort in a fine brick built home in the ancient capital of the west. Surrounded by his sons and daughters, with his wife, he draws comfort and interest from what he has worked for and saved in farm life. But he refused to give any statistical facts concerning his own wealth and winnings, saying, "Go and talk to the boys—they will tell you how Spiers got along. R. H. lives just at the edge of the town; you'll find him at home any evening."

"R. H." was found at home and a beautiful home it is, four miles from the quaint old town of Battleford. It was at this home Earl Grey found entertainment when he

visited this section of the country with his suite, and His Excellency's remark on leaving this pretty and well established home was: "I have not in all my travels throughout Canada found a more ideal place than this farm home of Mr. Spiers. It is the seat of a country gentleman, and such hospitality is not often met with in a new land."

Within the pleasant home every comfort meets the eye. Music, books, birds, flowers—a large conservatory filling almost an entire side of the house—while the very practical mistress of the place cheerily tells how hard life was-in-the-start-out.

Mrs. Spiers' garden and poultry last Christmas week brought her in \$50 (£10) in cash sales; a milk wagon carries to town each day a supply of cream and milk, while Mr. Spiers himself, actively engaged in grain growing and cattle raising, works 800 acres, and in addition to this raises hogs, cures bacon, and is known as one of the biggest market gardeners in the country side. Speaking of his success in Western



AFTER A CANTER ON THE PRAIRIE

Canada, R. H. Spiers said: "During the past three years I've handled as much money as \$10,000 (£2,000), all made on the prairie farm here. Twenty years ago the Spiers, father and sons, landed with not \$5.00 (£1) between us; to-day we are all well fixed, father has retired. J. H., a brother, owns three quarter sections, has a fine herd of thoroughbreds, over 100 in number; A. M., another brother, owns a section of land and is just as well fixed as any of us."

The Spiers, father and sons, are very well-to-do;

and regardless of the fact that they arrived in the prairie west practically penniless they have "arrived" in every sense of the word. They have the largest land holdings in the district—farm the biggest number of acres and gather the greatest yield of grain. Their stock is noted for its breeding worth, and they all occupy homes not only comfortable but elegant withal. When the question of entertaining Canada's Governor-General was brought up, on the occasion of that dignitary's visit to Battleford, the Spier's home was selected, and here you have a picture of that home, with the pretty little daughter of the house mounted on her Shetland pony, just returning from a canter over the prairie hummocks of her father's fine home.

### An Irish Lady's Winnings

When you come to the new town of "Alix," on the Canadian Pacific Railway, you will be informed that "Alix" is named after one of the cleverest business women in Alberta. Fourteen years ago an Irish woman accompanied her husband on a pleasure tour to the Rocky Mountains, and visiting the prairie west, became so interested in what she saw would be "the coming country," she made some investments in prairie lands in the district known as Buffalo Lake, some twenty miles out of the bustling town of Lacombe, in Alberta.

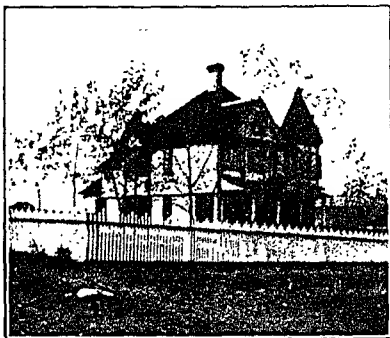
While yet in Canada and visiting various points of historic interest, the lady—Mrs. Westhead—found her land investments turning out to excellent advantage, and becoming imbued with the idea that life on a Canadian ranch would give all the joys and much better returns than life on an Irish estate, decided to try the possibilities of the Canadian West.

The Westheads put plenty of capital in the investment, and while attending to the working side of the proposition did not pretend to overlook the social side of prairie life. Around about "Lamerton" (called after the Irish home) they gathered a pleasant little coterie of

Old and New Country friends. Hand in hand with the practical duties of the day went the less prosaic pleasures of the evening; and "Lamerton," with its hospitality and its genial welcome, has become the social Mecca of the district; its summer hunt parties and its autumn outdoor games, with winter delights in indoor amusement, lending all the delights of homeland culture and educated tastes.

Meantime, Mrs. Westhead, actively superintending her prairie estate, sees to the ranch work, attends personally to the cutting of

grain and hay, takes part in the practical work of her vegetable gardens, sells and buys stock, examining in detail the "points" of her pedigreed horses, is looked upon as a marvelous business woman. Her enterprise it was which induced the government to stock



A PRAIRIE HOME

Buffalo Lake with fish, making that large and aimless body of water a preserve for finned beauties. The same progressive spirit gave her the courage to start a fund for a hospital in Alix; and it is to her public spiritedness that many wealthy Irish people have come each year to look upon the prairie fields, and to her enthusiasm that Canada owes a number of fine Old Land settlers in the West. Alix bids fair to become, in time, one of the big towns in the North Alberta district. Already there is a sugar refinery started, a bank finds business enough to encourage its foundation, and many industries of a business nature have taken root there.

The Westhead ranch, rich in everything that goes to

make and encourage profitable growth, stands a testimony to the keen foresight of a woman; and "Alix" is well named, being a go-ahead town with a future.

A visit to the beautiful prairie home in October found a very perfect log castle, broad and pleasant fields surrounding it, and every evidence that Irish investments had turned out O.K., for the mistress of the estate was, at the time, on a European tour, taking pleasure while the acres of "Lamerton" rested from the profitable output of the past year.

### Mrs. Callin's Triumph of Toil

Mrs. Annie Callin comes before the reader, standing in her own stone dairy door, wearing the ensign of her farm honors on each shapely arm, for Mrs. Callin's fame as a butter maker is one of the things the town of White-wood prides itself on—that and widow Callins' wonderful progress in the prairie west.

Mrs. Callin says of her experience on a prairie farm:

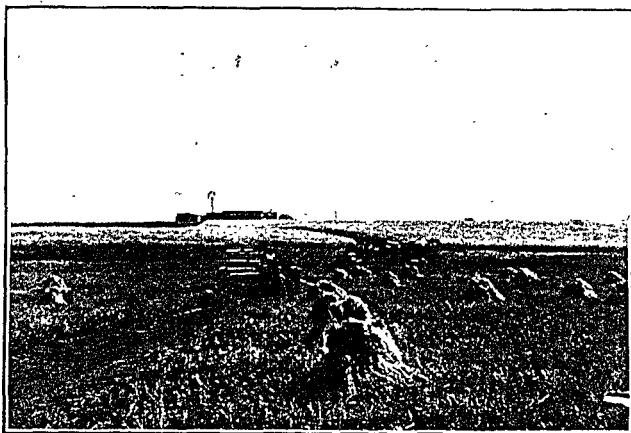
"We left Goderich, Ontario, in 1883, borrowing the money that brought us here. We were, thus, worse off than poor, for we were in debt, but not without hope, for the North-West was spoken of as the wonderland where money could be turned up with the spade. This log house, mud-plastered, I helped to build with my own hands. My husband bought two cows, a few hens and a pair of ducks; but we were two years digging ground on the place before we could afford to buy a team of oxen. It took us four years to qualify for a homestead patent, for my husband, and the boys big enough to work, had to leave home and hire out, leaving me with the young children to "hold down" the farm. The place we squatted on happened to be well timbered, as you see, and this gave us all the fuel we wanted.

"I'll not deny we had a rough road to travel for the first year, but the hardest part of it came just as we got on our feet, able to pay back the loan, with interest, and fairly started as bona fide farmers, when my husband



died, leaving us alone and all the big future as yet undetermined. I just buckled to, and kept on, running the farm with the boys' help. Butter making and vegetable raising and poultry raising proved the best cash returns, I found, so I stuck to that, leaving the boys to seed, grow and harvest the grain.

"If you walk around the place," continued Mrs. Callin, "you will see for yourself how we stand to-day. We have forty-five cows, good breed, all of them, horses, hogs, poultry and the implements necessary to run a large farm. We are not one single dollar in debt, we are laying



IN THE GRAIN FIELDS

by a little every year, and if we have not exactly reached what my neighbor Mrs. Waller has, affluence and riches, still we are in good circumstances; my children settled near me in homes of their own; all married well, and this winter I am going into town (Whitewood) to live, for I have purchased a house and lot, and my first holiday is at hand."

Still in middle age, Mrs. Annie Callin, her brave heart

and her refined voice and manner, tell most eloquently what a woman can do out west.

### What an Old Plough Turned Up

The old plough you see in the picture turned up the following facts:

The Beasley family, five in number, came to the Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan district in 1882, squatting on sec. 22, tp. 18, R. 27, fourteen miles from where Moose Jaw is marked on the map. This family reached the Canadian West with one team of oxen, one cow, and an old

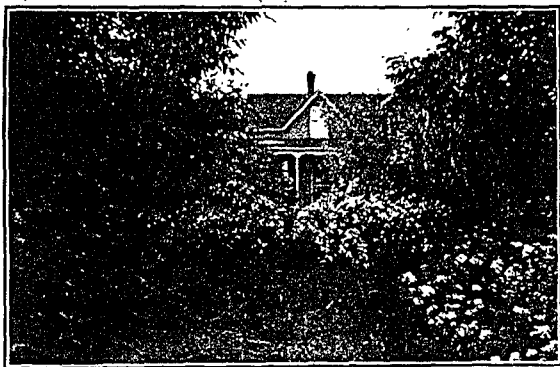


THE OLD PLOUGH TURNING UP WEALTH

plough. "That being our entire capital," said a daughter of the house. "My father settled mother and the children on the homestead, and went out to work himself, by this means keeping the bread-box full, and mother attended to the farm. My mother planted the very first trees that ever grew on the ground in the district, though you find trees everywhere now. She set out Russian poplar and

hardy maples and tested apple growing; and was the very first one to succeed in producing a fine specimen of crab-apple, which she grew to perfection after repeated trials.

"Our vegetable garden and our dairy butter first sold on the town market; indeed, mother can lay claim to being a pioneer in almost every line of woman's work on a prairie farm in this district. From the small start of a quarter section, homestead land, father now owns 500 acres; all of which is under cultivation. His farm is one of the most valuable in Saskatchewan, being rated at about \$35,000—(£7,000)." He owns stock in horses, cows, hogs, etc., and as an evidence of his independence and the pleasures accompanying his labor, at the time of the visit of the interviewer, both Mr. Beasley, his wife and daughter were absent in California, whither they had gone on an annual pleasure jaunt.



THE HOME OF THE BEASLEYS, MOOSEJAW

## Australia, New Zealand, and then Canada

James Gillett, of Buckinghamshire, England, with his wife and family, one of the prosperous settlers in the Prince Albert district, Saskatchewan, tells how he first tried Australia, next went to New Zealand and finally, drifted to Canada, looking for a home where he might find conditions to suit him. Mr. Gillett came to the Canadian North-West in 1902, with, as he himself says, "three small children, two small hundred dollars and a big desire to get along." "I've succeeded much better than if I had chosen any of the points named," said he, "for Canada is the only place under the sky where a man can work his way on and up without big capital. In England you must have capital—in Australia the droughts hamper a farmer, in New Zealand you lack markets, and in Canada you seem to have all the chances with prospects thrown in. In my thirteen years' experience out here I never had even a partial failure in crops. Some years my estimate would not come up to my expectations; but this year I passed the mark of excellence, and I find it the right sort of a country for me."

Mrs. Gillett here spoke up, saying:

"What I like about the country is the great friendliness of the people; that and the good health we get. Yes, and the chances our children have for making good homes; these are considerations we cannot over-estimate."

Asked what he would sell out his Western Canada interests for to-day, Mrs. Gillett made immediate reply: "Sell? My goodness me, we aren't thinking of selling out. We are perfectly satisfied to stay on the farm, and I should be lost without my butter-making, my hens and chickens; and father! why what would father do if we gave up the farm?"

In a very cozy home, some eight miles from the town of Prince Albert, this little English family who "first tried Australia, then went to New Zealand and finally "found Canada," live in Canadian comfort; they illustrate well the

fact that Canada gives to the seeker all that a country can give, health, wealth and a happy home.

## The Prosperity of the Pattisons

Mrs. Margaret Pattison, from Pembina County, North Dakota, gives the following facts of her experience in the district of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan:

"We came, a family of six, two years ago to Western Canada, after giving the Boundary country a fair trial in practical farming. I won't say anything about our failure there, for coming to Canada proves that we came to better our condition. I will only say that we sold out, leaving all our friends behind us and struck out for Saskatoon, where my husband had already selected a homestead. We had exactly \$400 (£80) leaving Dakota, and this didn't seem much to us until, on our way to the new home, my husband had his wallet stolen and we landed in Winnipeg with exactly \$6 (£1 4s.) in cash—this happening to be the pocket change we had between the six of us! I needn't tell you how we felt at finding ourselves in this predicament; our tickets, fortunately, were left, and we went on, arriving at our homestead in the middle of May, 1903. We put up a tent and put up with things as we best could, but the weather was fine and my husband got work at once in Saskatoon. There was plenty of work, and that is one of the blessings in Western Canada; there is always work for both men and women. My husband had to rustle the money to start us up, so he left me and the boys (two) to do the best we could while he set off for town and wages.

"If I felt discouraged I hadn't time to think about it, and though it was late in the season I decided to put in seed, as we had to get through the first winter somehow. The boys and myself went at it and sowed the first crop on breaking on the 16th of May—this on first breaking, mark you—and we cut the ripened grain on the 18th

September, exactly four months and two days later! Off that we got enough seed grain for the next year's seedling and enough grist to put us through the first winter. The neighbors laughed at what they called 'the hurry-up crop,' but 'who laughs last laughs best,' and last year we threshed one thousand bushels from that 'hurry-up' seeding!

"We are fairly on our farming feet now, just two years after that disheartening start. We have 600 acres of A. I. land—400 acres of this being free homestead grants to father and the two boys. Our success has encouraged two of my husband's brothers to bring their families here to settle, and I hope some of the old Dakota neighbors will see this little talk of ours and follow in our steps. I don't know of any place in the world where better chances are to be had than right here. If you come again next year I expect to have something worth telling, for I am going into butter-making and poultry-raising, two of the best paying industries in the West. Yes, I run the farm myself, for father is a land guide; he knows every inch of the country and nothing gives him so much pleasure as showing homestead lands to other Americans, for the country is filling up with them, and it is pretty generally allowed we make good Canadians."

And Mrs. Pattison has pretty well proved the statement.

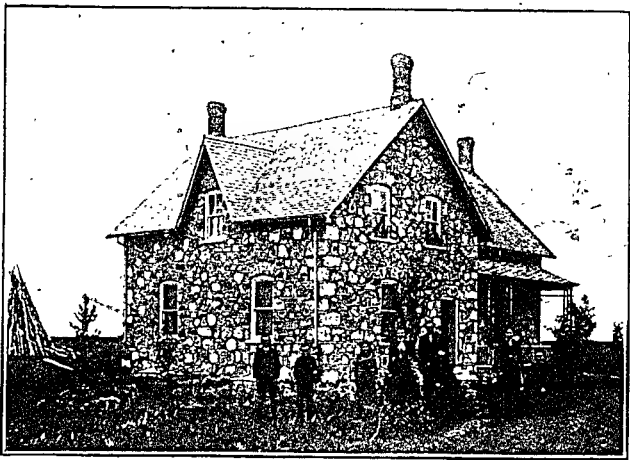
## County Cavan and Irish Effort

County Cavan people may have forgotten William White, who left his Irish hills two and twenty years ago, but William White has not forgotten Cavan, and he sends this message back to his old home:

"I brought a family of five from Ireland, five hundred dollars and the determination to better matters financial in the New World. I came, by chance, to this district, Lansdowne, and settled on the open prairie, just where you still find us. I put plow to furrow myself, while my

wife started in to find out what garden, dairy and poultry work would give us in returns.

"My five hundred dollars dwindled down to cents by the time we got settled on the homestead, so I turned out, found work, and mother seeded, cut and saved the first crop." Mrs. White being appealed to, gave her testimony to the West as follows: "It was uphill work enough, but from the very start my garden proved productive and I made money from the beginning. I set out the wild fruits, all varieties grow here, and butter-making always gave me cash returns. Do you see this silver tankard?"



ONE RESULT OF IRISH EFFORT

asked Mrs. White, "I won that, as a special prize, at the big agricultural fair at Whitewood, and I have prizes upon prizes won year after year in this particular work."

The White farm is worth seeing. It stands on a fine rising ground of open prairie, with splendid outbuildings and byres with stone foundations; while a good and substantial house (shown in the cut) is built of the

boulders picked from the fields. The house, Mr. White states, "cost only in the labor of building, and the lumber to frame it," as it is entirely formed of boulders, cemented by a mortar made on the ground. A fine wind-mill adjoining a granary, and stock buildings 24 x 32 belong to the premises.

Mrs. White's butter sales reach the figure of 40 pounds per day. Broadview is her market town and she says she can't begin to supply her customers with all they want.

"You can tell my County Cavan friends," said White himself at the close of an interesting talk, "that if they have money enough to bring them and their families from Cavan to Canada to come without fear of the future. A capital of \$400 (£80) is sufficient—I started with about that amount—and you may add that I wouldn't take \$50,000 for my Canadian interests to-day."

"Indeed, I shouldn't think we would!" echoed Mrs. White.

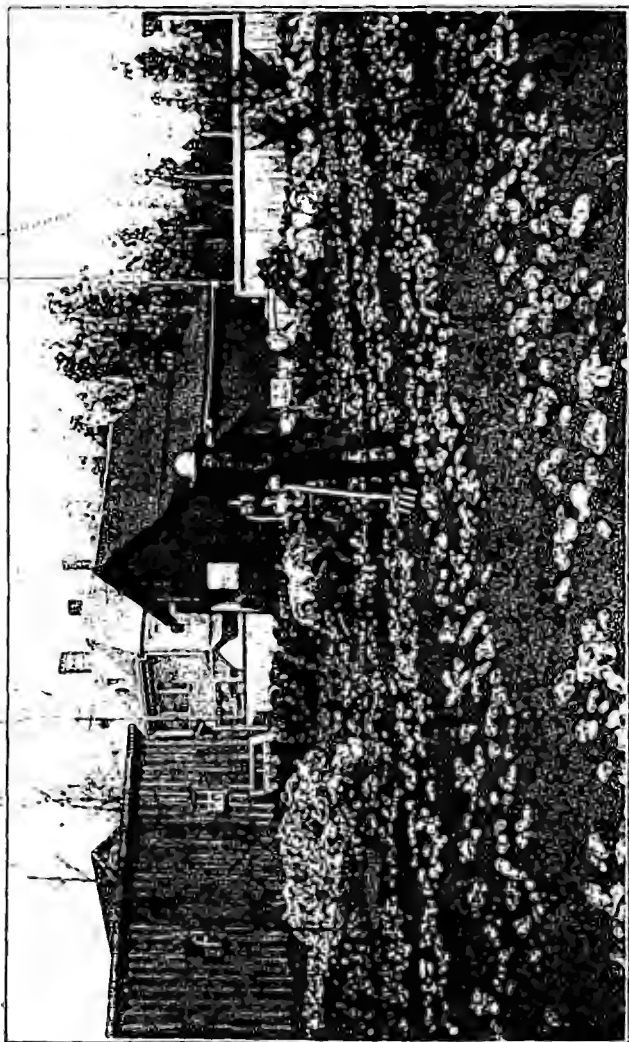
### Three American Ladies Meet

Quite by happy chance, while seated at the table d'hôte in busy, bustling Wetaskiwin, in North Alberta, on an October day, three ladies met who were from the same soil, bent on the same errand, and bound for the same section of country. They were Mrs. Dr. Leith, of North Dakota; Mrs. Thompson, of Everett, Washington Territory, and Mrs. Leith again, a sister-in-law of the first named lady. The fact that they were all Americans, just arrived that day, made them good friends from the start, and to hear them tell how and why they had come to Western Canada was delightful.

"My husband is somewhere on the way here," said Mrs. Leith, "and two carloads of stock with implements are with him. Our homestead lies somewhere on the line of the Calgary & Edmonton Branch of the C.P.R., and I don't know any more about it than that it is "the best farm in Alberta."

"Well," Mrs. Thompson observed, "that must be our





AN ALBERTA GREAT PATCH

farm you are heading for, as I heard my husband say we had secured the finest piece of ground in the province."

This friendly rivalry in words continued for some laughing minutes, and Mrs. Thompson told why her husband had decided to try the prairie west as a new homeland: "We had bad luck," she said, "losing money, health and courage at one and the same time. My brother had come to this country the year before and he sent back such glowing accounts of how people succeed that we decided to follow him across:—Washington is a fruit farming country, and that business is overdone dreadfully. California's overplus ruins our Washington market. The first year my brother came here he arrived late in the season and in order to begin his homestead duties he ploughed up a bit of the ground, and, as he says, "threw in some potatoes," he didn't even plough them in, but just dug holes here and there and stuck in the potatoes. He wrote home, telling us that he couldn't stop those potatoes from growing if he tried. They grow to a tremendous size and were just splendid.

"Declare I feel quite excited," exclaimed Mrs. Leith. "I have heard wonderful stories about what Canada West can do, but I think your potato story takes the (potato) cake. I shall make little holes in the ground the minute I reach our farm and"—"So shall I,"—"and I," chimed in the other enthusiastic ladies of the happy little party, and it is possible that owing to this "potato fever" the prairie west, like Washington Territory fruit, will ruin the potato market in 1906!

Meantime, three bright, enthusiastic American women are getting settled on "the best farm land in all Canada."

## A Liverpool Lady Speaks

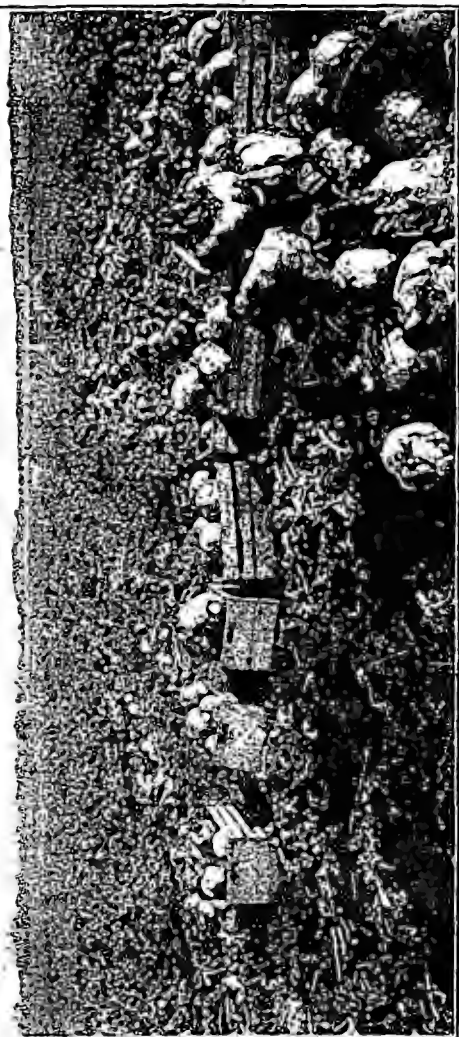
"I'm Edinboro' born," said Mrs. William Waller, of the Whitewood district, in Saskatchewan, in introduction, "but I called Liverpool, England, 'home' until I came to Western Canada in 1883. My husband, myself and two

children arrived on the shores of Canada with all that was left of five hundred dollars, after passage money was paid, and came to this part of the country, then a sparsely settled place of illimitable length and breadth. When the town of Whitewood was built we just missed being a town site by two miles, and we felt lucky enough when the railway avoided cutting up our homestead into town lots. Then we took a pre-emption as well, and we found ourselves able after two years' work to purchase another quarter section from the C.P.R.,—paying \$3.00—(12-shillings)—per acre for the same. To-day the same land is selling at \$25.00 (£5) an acre.

"My own part of the farm work? Well, I'll illustrate how I get along on the farm as manager, buyer and planter as well. Mr. Waller is employed as government steam boiler inspector at a good salary, and I, on the farm, balance his income each year, dollar for dollar, by the sale of my farm produce. I make butter, sell small fruits, vegetables, poultry, eggs and preserved jams. I set out the wild fruits found on the open prairie, cultivate them, and you should see my garden in summer time! My red, white and black currant bushes actually break down under the weight of their fruits, and my garden beds of thyme, mint, parsley, and all kinds of table greens would surprise you. I wish you could take a snap shot at my poultry; special breeds in turkeys, chickens, ducks, geese and pigeons."

The Waller home, standing on the old site of the old days, is a whitewashed log dwelling, comfortable within and furnished like a town house of pretensions; but just across the way, and standing in unfinished promise, there is a new home worth \$4,000 (£800) which in the spring will house the family.

Last year the Waller farm ranch yielded 3,000 bushels of wheat; a fine herd of cows, sheep, swine and horses are part of the possessions, and there is every evidence that \$500 invested in western prairie soil has most splendidly seeded and given forth fruits, for the Wallers "aren't selling out," as Mrs. W. says, "nothing would



WHERE FIELD ROOTS GROW--25 POUND TURNIPS

tempt us to give up the chance we have had and taken in this country."

Should you find yourself a passenger on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and passing through White-wood, a visit to the Waller home would illustrate admirably what industry, sobriety and labor can do and has done for typical English people.

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### Luck or Pluck?

Mrs. Emma Connors, a daughter of the late John Phillips, M.P., of New Brunswick, came to Manitoba in 1903, with just sufficient capital to carry her with her four children as far as Winnipeg. Mrs. Connors is an educated and refined woman, being a musician as well, while Miss Kathleen, the eldest child, is a fine violinist.

"When I landed in the Canadian West," said Mrs. Connors, "I soon saw that it was not classical selections and Mozart that were wanted, for the schools and colleges already provided for such luxuries; but what was really required was homes. I discovered this fact while seeking shelter for myself and my children. I arrived in Winnipeg on Saturday afternoon in late September, with, I admit, some misgivings, finding myself for the first time in my life thrust into the working world, alone and amongst strangers. But there was no need for anxiety; by Tuesday night my four children were placed in good positions and the first month of our stay in Winnipeg our income in wages was exactly \$80 (£16). We were all in the best of health and spirits, we found the neighbors friendly and kind, and the fact was plain from the first that we had made no mistake in coming to this land of promise.

"As time went on my children so improved their position in life that at the date of writing (Feb., 1906) our united income is \$228, (nearly £46) per month. My eldest son is in the employ of the C.P.Ry. at Calgary, my daughter is placed in one of the big land company's

offices and I myself keep a large lodging house, which is "home" to many who, like myself, came strangers and pilgrims to the Great West. When I consider the splendid chances found in this wonderful country, I ask myself is it luck or pluck that comes to those who venture their all in this western land?

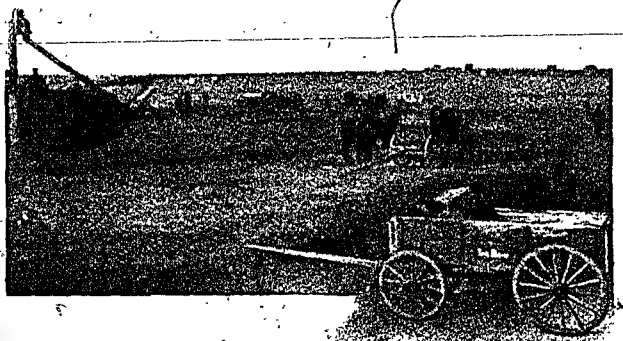
"Quite true," said Mrs. Connors, "we have had to put aside our music for a time, but I find that no one thinks of 'fiddling' while this modern Rome is building, but the time for music is coming, I know it is; like everyone else we are willing to work and wait for the time of leisure. As far as my opinion goes, I would like to say that I believe there is no country in all the world where, without special training in the labor field, a woman and family can succeed as they can in Western Canada. Such chances for boys and girls as offer seem incredible. Anyway, we are satisfied, and we should be, for we have been making a good living and laying by a little ever since we started out.

"I expect to go back to my New Brunswick home in May," added Mrs. Connors. "I intended to go back to live there, but now I am going to bring out, if I can, some of the good people of that place who should be here and doing well."

### Some Samples of Success at Lloydminster

Rev. George Exton Lloyd, late of Wood Green, Alexander Palace, North London, who is chaplain to the large colony which came to Canada and settled at Lloydminster, in an interview, gave some farm facts which may interest Englishmen at home.

Archdeacon Lloyd was found on his homestead partially settled in a fine wooden house under course of construction, and standing a few miles west of the little log church in which the first colonists heard divine worship. Mr. Lloyd is very well satisfied with Canada, and states that ninety-nine per cent. of the persons who embarked for the New World with him have settled on farms, are well-

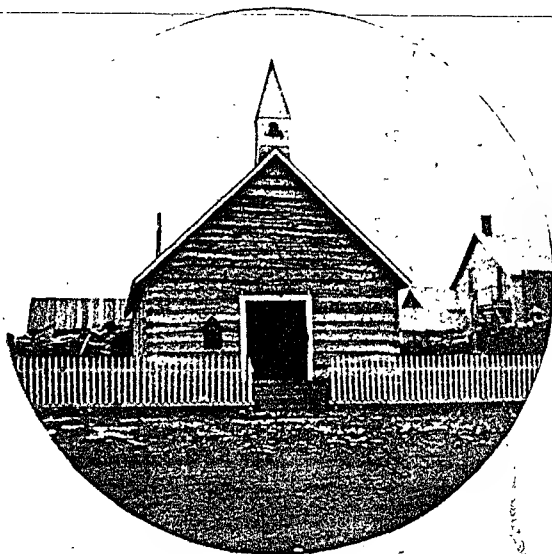


THE PIONEERS OF LLOYDMINSTER

to-do in a financial way, and express themselves as well pleased with the situation in which they are now placed. He said: "The original colony was a wealthy one. Few of those who were dissatisfied with the conditions existing on their arrival at Saskatoon, where the famous march of two hundred miles across the plains began, returned to England! Not more than two per cent., I believe, and they are drifting back already. 540 homestead entries were made and 1,300 souls settled in Lloydminster. They bought largely from the C.P.R., getting very choice lands for about \$5.00 (£1) an acre. The same land is to-day rated at \$10.00 (£2). One colonist purchased a half section at \$5.00, made one payment, and within twelve months sold it at \$9.00 an acre; this was done by William Randall, of Torquay, England. H. W. and A. E. Sutton, sons of Sutton, the big seed merchant of England,

homesteaded and are doing well. F. and J. Ashton have 80 acres under crop; fencing, comfortable house and out-buildings—are going in for mixed farming—and improved their holding over 200 per cent. in two years.

Mr. W. H. Hunt was a gamekeeper at home, and after bringing his outfit as far as Saskatoon found himself with but \$5.00 (£1) in all the world. His



LLOYDMINSTER'S PIONEER CHURCH

wife took up the homestead, baked, sewed, cooked, and otherwise helped over the hard times, and last year Hunt threshed 85 acres of splendid grain.

—“W. Sunderland and wife, from Ilford, Essex, haberdashers at home, came out and landed practically penniless. He has a fine quarter section of land, has some broken ready for next year's crop. Mrs. Sunderland is a



very refined woman, and has by her needle helped wonderfully to give her husband a start.

"Endless instances of this kind might be given, showing some of the hardships these people had to put up with on arrival; lumber to build the first house in Lloydminster had to be brought overland 200 miles. In November, 1903, there wasn't a house in Lloydminster, and look at the town to-day!"

Truly, the change wrought in three short years was beyond belief: Lloydminster, from an open plain of wild grasses, had become a busy, bustling centre. Town lots were freely sold at from \$30 to \$500 apiece, and farm lands, given free as homesteads, stood between sections which were selling freely at \$8.00 to \$10.00 an acre.

The Lloydminster colony covers 400 square miles; 4,000 people are settled thereon, and 21 churches are already opened and occupied. The health of the colony in the words of the Rev. Mr. Lloyd, "has been wonderfully good. No epidemic has ever visited the place and fevers are unknown. What is wanted now," said Mr. Lloyd, "is the willing worker; the practical man or woman need not fear to come to the Canadian West. I would like to encourage women able to take hold of work, house work, and willing to carry it through. For those the chances are limitless. Wages are big, and the lines of labor for which there is ample room here are dressmakers, confectioners, bread and pastry makers, milliners, tailoresses, cooks are especially required, and in the many towns rising along the new railways now building, the shop keeper has a great chance throughout Canada West."

Asked what message he would like conveyed to English men and English women who considered coming to Canada, Mr. Lloyd said: "I would say to all English men and women, come to Canada if you have large means; there are good investments here for money. Come to Canada if you have less means; in Canada you can add to your substance if you are willing to work. Come to Canada if you have no means whatever, for here the poor man has a chance with the rich man, and poverty is no bar

to a man's future. He must work, that is the one and only proviso, and if he works well his reward is certain!"

## Churn and Milk-Pail

If ever a churn-dasher talked, that of Mrs. William Sanderson, of Maple Creek, Saskatchewan, told a pretty story of work and wealth winning in the prairie west. Mrs. Sanderson was caught in the act of making a patent churn-do-the-work-of-fifty-old-time-wooden-dashers; and her story, attuned to the whirling machine, sung itself into print. If half the music of Mrs. Sanderson's churn could be transferred to paper, she would set the whole world singing a song of Toil!

"My man and I were light in heart and light in pocket," said the good woman, "the day we landed in Manitoba. We lived there just long enough to take up homestead and do the duties to get our patent—three years—and busy years they were, too. We improved the place, planting and plowing, and when a chance to sell offered we sold out and came west to this point with \$3,000 (£1,600) in our pockets. We bought railway lands (the wisest thing to do if a man has money) and started in to see what the land could do. We kept on buying, adding to our stock and improving our lands, until we have doubled our original capital and we have built up a fine business in selling milk in town. I get all the custom I want and more than I can supply, for we have the only milk sales going. I suppose you'd call that a 'corner' in cream, wouldn't you?"

"Mr. Sanderson (he's looking after the threshers to-day) sticks to his grain raising and his cattle, going in for the big things; I look after the milk and butter and cream sales, and if you look over there by the milk house you'll see my boy bringing out the cans, for it will be time for town rounds in twenty minutes." As she spoke, out came the small boy, the milk wagon and giant can with a yield of thirty udders for that morning alone.

"Light in heart" the good woman was; "heavy in

pocket," and well earned was the weight; for the day of uphill was over and the merry song of the churn filled all the glad homeland air.

### Mrs. Isaac Spillet's Success

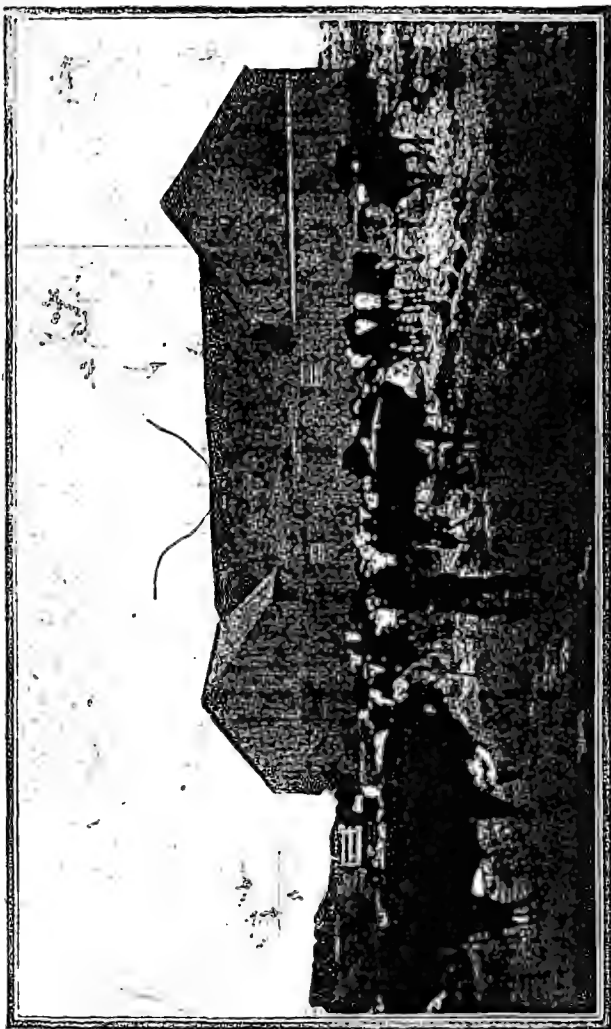
"We came to Western Canada in 1891, bringing six children and a purse containing thirty dollars in cash. We selected the Dauphin country to settle in, rented a log shanty, and manufactured some chairs, tables and bedsteads out of rough lumber."

This is what Mrs. Isaac Spillet stated in recounting her experiences in Western Canada.

"Although we reached Dauphin to find it very sparsely settled, that same year people came pouring in, and many like ourselves took up fine land in the Riding Mountains. The first money we turned over came from my garden beds, which yielded wonderfully even the first year on breaking. Mr. Spillet secured a few cows and I paid for them in butter returns, for that had been my specialty since we started. One year I cleared \$480.00 (£96) from this source of revenue, and last year my tomato beds alone brought me in \$30.00 (£6) in sales, other vegetables and fruits selling in proportion. I just mention the ripened tomatoes, because I have heard people say tomatoes won't ripen in the West.

"My husband owns 320 acres of farm lands second to none. Our boys hold 480 acres between them; the younger lads are at home still, enjoying themselves alternately at work and play, and the girls are being taught books and music, for the time has come when we can think of other things than making money. Our property has increased in value tremendously; our farm being rated at \$15,000 (£3,000), and I need not add we aren't going to sell. We consider the \$30 (£6) we brought to Dauphin has been well sown and well reaped, and if anybody doubts the statements made, just tell them to write me."

ON THE POPE FARM AT REGINA



## A City Woman's Success

Any reader of this little booklet who happens to have read a former edition will recognize the name of Mrs. J. C. Pope, Regina, the lady who so graphically described how she became a "farmer." Mrs. Pope again makes her bow to the world, and says: "You are getting out more facts concerning the chances in the Canadian West? Well, then, come out to my place and I'll tell you lots of other good things that have come to us since you last visited our farm."

"You haven't time?" echoed Mrs. Pope, "then if you are really leaving on the morning train, I'll come to you, for I am anxious to let people who are asking for facts know what the "Admiral's Place" is doing for its owners." That evening the lady disclosed further facts concerning her farm experience:

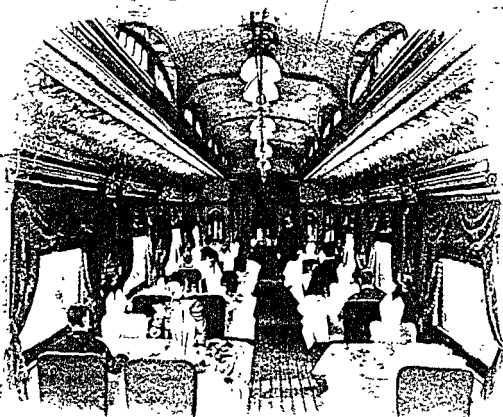
"Just say," said she, "that the Popes are still holding the plow. That the town of Regina, now the capital of the new province, has grown up to our farmhouse door, and that we expect to be chopped up into town lots any one of these stirring days! We have given up making butter for the C.P.R. That insatiable corporation wouldn't be satisfied with one hundred pounds, marked J.C.P.; they wanted two hundred per week, and, well the cows 'kicked!'

"I have adopted newer methods," said Mrs. Pope, "instead of making butter for an insatiable railway traveling public, I just supply cream to my former butter customers, getting 35 cents per quart (which is the average price for butter); this relieves me of the work of churning and moulding the prints, and as we have separators and all modern appliances for keeping the milk, I find my own work much lessened, while my receipts are just as big as before. We have started selling milk in the town of Regina, too, and that pays well. We have 45 cows, special breed of Ayrshires, 18 horses, 100 hogs, and a poultry yard which refuses to stay counted; we keep only Plymouth Rock in these."

"Off 80 acres of land we harvested 3,000 bushels of No.

1 Northern last year; our barley went 50 bushels to the acre, and oats averaged 80 bushels as well. The C.P.R. land we bought when we first started at \$4.00 (16 shillings) per acre, now is worth twelve times that sum, Mr. Pope being offered and refused \$50.00 (£10) an acre within the year. Part of this property we paid \$8.00 (£1 12s.) for only a few years ago.

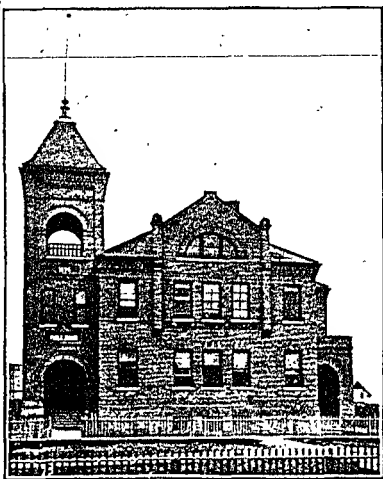
"I received many letters from all parts after the first booklet, 'Words from the Women of Western Canada,' came out. I think a number of readers of that little work thought 'A City Woman's Success' was largely imaginary. I don't wonder, for sometimes, when I consider how little both Mr. Pope and myself knew about practical farming, I marvel that we didn't fail in the work. But failure is unknown out west, and that is why it is possible for everybody, with or without means, to succeed. You only want to work hard, keep sober and watch your chances, and failure is impossible."



A CANADIAN PACIFIC DINING CAR

## What "Stow-on-the-Wold" Has Done

What Stow-on-the-Wold has done for Canada may be found in past and present pages of "The Christian World"; "The Literary World," "The Family Circle," "Leisure Hour," and many leading Old Country papers. For it is in these magazines readers have read the Prairie Tales written by Mrs. Maria Bird, formerly of Gloucestershire, England, but now of Pipestone Valley, Saskatchewan.



A PRAIRIE PUBLIC SCHOOL

Mrs. Bird was the first woman to cross the Qu'Appelle River, and her son was the first white child born in the Valley. Her way to Pipestone, where her husband had homesteaded, gave her a walk of 70 miles in 1884, for in those days we had no Canadian Pacific Railway with its fine sleeping cars and dining cars to cater to the travelers' wants!

Mrs. Bird's stories of prairie life do not tell the little tragedy which she encountered, met and conquered in the first years' experience in Canada, but it is told that when her husband died, after an illness costing the last head of stock they possessed, and a burial on the lone plains which took the last dollar; how she bravely took up the work of the farm, seven children depending upon her; how she stuck to the plow; stood by the grain stack and put "Stow-on-the-Wold" vim and vigor into the work; how she

worked in the field with her boys in the summer, saved the crop and tended the cattle! How in winter she made her pen do good work, not alone for the hungry mouths to feed but for the great Canadian West—making known its possibilities—telling of its triumphs—recounting its joys and not leaving out the personal griefs and tribulations which, perhaps, gave to the tales the magic touch of truth in “Life on the Plains.”

Asked what she had accomplished, Mrs. Bird, avoiding all hints of her pen-work, says: “I’ve settled all my sons ’round about me in comfort and even affluence. My home is clear of the last dollar of debt—I’ve no need to worry any more as to to-morrow; rather do I give my attention to bringing out to the Canadian West, Old World people who are trying to make a mere living. Perhaps my stories of the West have helped in this a little: I have had many letters, many inquiries, many visitors; and I could name over to you at least seventeen families settled around me who came to Canada through reading”—she hesitated—“well, reading about the country! I am now packing up for a trip home; my prime object being to arrange finally with a publisher in London for my most pretentious effort. It is a book I have written, called ‘The Makers of a Colony,’ and is simply phases of prairie life. I know I shall be mobbed for information when I go home, and I am so glad I shall be able to tell them about the grand country we have and the grand crops we have had this last year.”

“About my own success? Goodness, you want to get out in the country places and see what success means. I take no credit for our good financial standing to-day; you simply have to succeed in the west—you just seem to get on in spite of yourself. My eldest son and a younger brother went into business here without one single dollar, set out buying and selling young calves and after seven years’ work are worth quite a lot of money. They have a big stock farm; own half a section of splendid land; have horses, cattle, and last year sold five thousand bushels of wheat. I don’t half try now; but I am sending to town



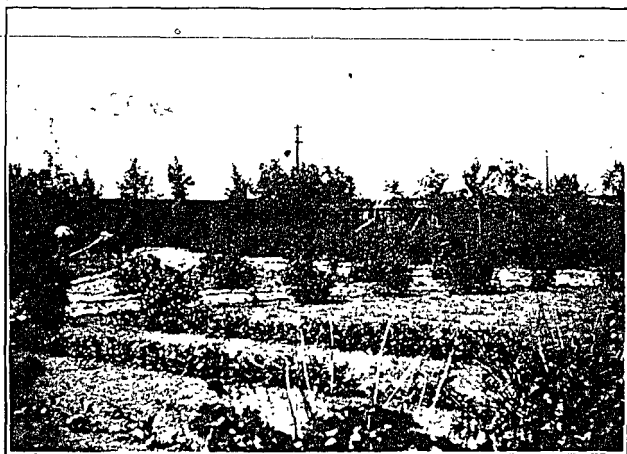
about 75 lbs. of butter each week—my own work—and my poultry are a nice source of income. My home here by the Pipestone I call 'Marlow Grange,' and some fine day I shall build a new house right where the old one stands, for the place is full of happy memories to me. Here I found fortune, and I think the same goddess fairly chases a body through the lanes of tribulation!"

### Capital: A Debt of Forty-five Dollars

No better example of what pluck in the prairie west ~~can do is to be found than in the case of Mrs. Frances H. Towers, of Cochrane, Alberta, whose husband is the owner of the well-known "Jumping Pond Ranch," six miles south-west of town. Mrs. Towers hails from the Channel Islands, while Mr. Towers comes from Birmingham, England. They left England twenty-two years ago and came to the prairie west with four sons and one daughter. "Our object in coming to Canada was to better the chances of our children. When we landed in Cochrane, then not even Cochrane in name, we found ourselves exactly \$45 (£9) in debt, and we hadn't one single, solitary penny to our name. Anywhere else this would have made us paupers, but there was plenty of work, the Canadian Pacific Railway building through the Rocky Mountains and men badly wanted. Husband and the boys went to work on the section, got good pay, and I said I'd take care of the farm.~~

"With the young children I took up my station on the bare hills, and just where we are now, we pitched tent and turned the first furrow in an effort to do homestead duties. This I undertook myself; but we had the satisfaction of earning money from the day we landed, and there was something in the air, a kind of distilled Hope you might call it, which gave us all the desire to do something. That is the peculiar thing about the west. The atmosphere creates the desire for work, gain, advancement. But we were all as healthy as could be, and work was a joy. While my husband and the big boys worked on the railway, I went at the garden and put in enough

seeds, as I thought, to help us over the first winter. The way vegetables grew was a wonder; potatoes—you never saw such potatoes in all your life as I dug from that patch on the hillside; and if you will believe it, we had not only enough to put away for our own use, but we had potatoes to sell to the Englishmen and Scotchmen who began to come in; for the west had begun to be talked about and monied Englishmen came in and settled down around us. That gave me my first market. When my husband saw the



AN ALBERTA GARDEN

garden growth he was delighted. He said: "The country that can produce such growth is all right, and I'm going to put blood and bone into this land of ours!" He did. He worked on the railway and I worked on the farm, and in a couple of years we were able to buy outright from the C. P. Ry. sections of land adjoining our farm; one section after another we purchased, paying \$3.00 per acre, and as the land advanced in value, \$6.00 an acre, until we owned five sections, and I only wish," said the lady, "we

had bought more, for land is at a premium now and going up every day!

"I began with one cow, but to-day we have seven hundred head of stock—pure-bred—and horses, and we raise our own grain to feed. It's a great stock raising country, and some of the ranches around here are regular estates, gentlemen's homes, just every bit as fine as you'd find at home, and everyone is making money. As for ourselves, we are more than satisfied, for our cattle form one big asset, our horses and implements another—we rate the latter at \$12,000 (£2,400)—the ranch is worth \$40,000 (£8,000) alone, and please don't think we put that figure as a sale valuation, for we wouldn't sell out at any figure. We are only beginning to enjoy life now; it's been hard work and little play for us, I tell you, but our reward has come.

"My butter, egg and poultry sales keep the house expenses down, market at the door, and good prices for everything. I get 35 cents per dozen for eggs—chickens, dressed, sell at 50 cents apiece, and butter brings from 25 cents to 35 cents the year round. We raise sheep, but not for market, just for our table use, but those who go largely into this industry make it pay, for mutton brings 12½ cents per pound, and wool is in demand in Midnapore, where woollen mills are working. Our beef sales average from \$2,500 (£500) to \$3,000 (£600) each year, and we ship all we can raise at first class prices.

"When we landed here we had not one dollar, but we never wanted a dollar since we came. We not only got on well and prospered ourselves, but two years ago my husband brought out a brother and his family from Birmingham, where they were in very poor circumstances. We paid their passage money out, but I must add that within the two years the brother has been here he has repaid the loan, has settled on a homestead, built himself a comfortable house, bought the lot it stands on, has two cows and a calf, and has earned enough money besides to send for a third brother, who, like himself, was unable to get along at home. No, I don't mind if you tell these

family facts," said Mrs. Towers, "it may encourage other British people who are struggling along and hardly able to keep their heads above water. It's the best country in the whole world for the poor man," said Mrs. Towers. "All that is required is industry and sobriety. Why, the man who fails in Western Canada would fail anywhere, for I am sure our start out was enough to dishearten any one. But I have this to say: from the day we landed on Canadian soil we have never lacked food, money or health. We worked hard, but found ourselves steadily improving in material ways, and we loved to feel that what we had was ours, earned hard, perhaps, but ours to have and to hold. Why, of course, give my name and address, and tell everybody we are ready to say a good word for the country that gave us health, wealth and a home!"

### Mrs. Willoughby's Home

"My husband gave up his profession because there was no one ill."

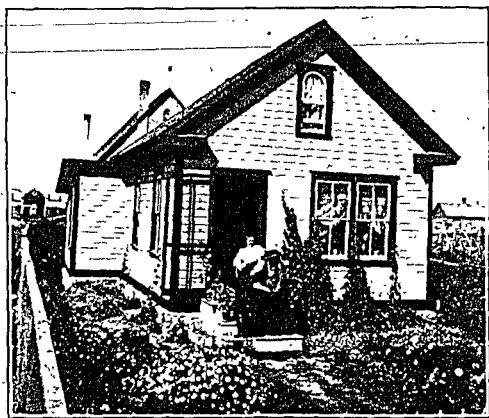
Out in Saskatoon there is a lady whose reasoning might well be put as a heading to a health department report in Western Canada. The lady is Mrs. Willoughby, wife of a prominent doctor, for many years a practitioner in Canada west. As Mrs. Willoughby tells the story it runs thus:

"We left Regina because there were too many doctors and too few sick people. We left with \$1,000 (£200) and settled in the village of Dundurn, remaining two years there, and living in a log hut, and trying our hand at farming, which my husband said was the proper work for mankind. This was seven years ago, and just when the turn came in which Western Canada began to be talked about as a great grain-raising country. From Dundurn we came to Saskatoon, settling just outside the town limits and starting in at practical farm work in dead earnest. In seven years we have accomplished something and accumulated something, and this may give you an idea of how we stand:

"My husband grew, threshed and sold last year, ten

thousand bushels of grain on his own place; and the farm on which this big crop grew sold the other day at \$50 (£10) an acre. We sold the half section, retaining only our house and eight acres of ground. That perhaps gives some idea of the rise in land values.

"My own share in the work of the farm is my garden, my poultry and my butter sales. I have 100 chickens, a flock of turkeys which I make royally out of, for the Sas-



COTTAGE GARDEN IN SASKATOON

katoon market will pay the best prices for the best articles. Gardening has proved a most valuable source of income for me; I have ripened tomatoes to perfection; ripened corn (a native variety) and cleared, this past season, \$700 (£140) on my own account.

"The doctor has given up his professional career altogether; he says there are too many doctors and too much good health. People refuse to break their legs to accommodate the profession, and they will keep well and hearty enough to eat up all the grain, poultry, eggs, butter, etc.,

even the doctors can grow, so we try to get even, to accommodate everybody by growing these things.

"We don't live in a log hut now," said the lady; "our house on the farm cost \$5,000 (£1,000), and, if it will convince you we are happy in that house, I may add, the doctor has made \$100,000 (£20,000) since he came to Saskatoon; made every dollar of it out of the prairie soil, by farm work, sleeves rolled up, pitchfork in hand; by grain raising, cattle buying, and last, but not least, by lucky investments in the land that leads.

"Our children are as hearty and as happy as little trout; there they go to school—(as-a-dashing-little-carriage drawn by two Shetland ponies passed by). "And, oh, by the way, the doctor is going to add Shetland ponies to his herds and flocks, he says they can be raised here, and I think he is right."

### How a Widow Won

Mrs. Agnes Balfour, whose beautiful home at Lumsden, a town of some importance on the Prince Albert branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, stands a monument to a widow woman's work in the prairie west. Mrs. Balfour is now a white-haired grand-dame, but still full of enthusiasm and hope which, widowed and left with eight young children, led her to venture to the far west, where unaided and unknown, she splendidly won out, while both herself and the west were yet young in years.

"How did I get along?" said Mrs. Balfour. "Well, I hardly know how myself; but if you like I will tell you exactly how I came west and what the west has done for me and mine. When my husband died and I turned to look about me, I found I had just a thousand dollars (£200) in money. There were eight children to keep and none of them old enough to take father's place on the farm. I considered over what was best to be done, and some way a thought came to me that the new country was the best place to give my boys a start. Ontario was all right, and we had friends there, but I knew the struggle was before

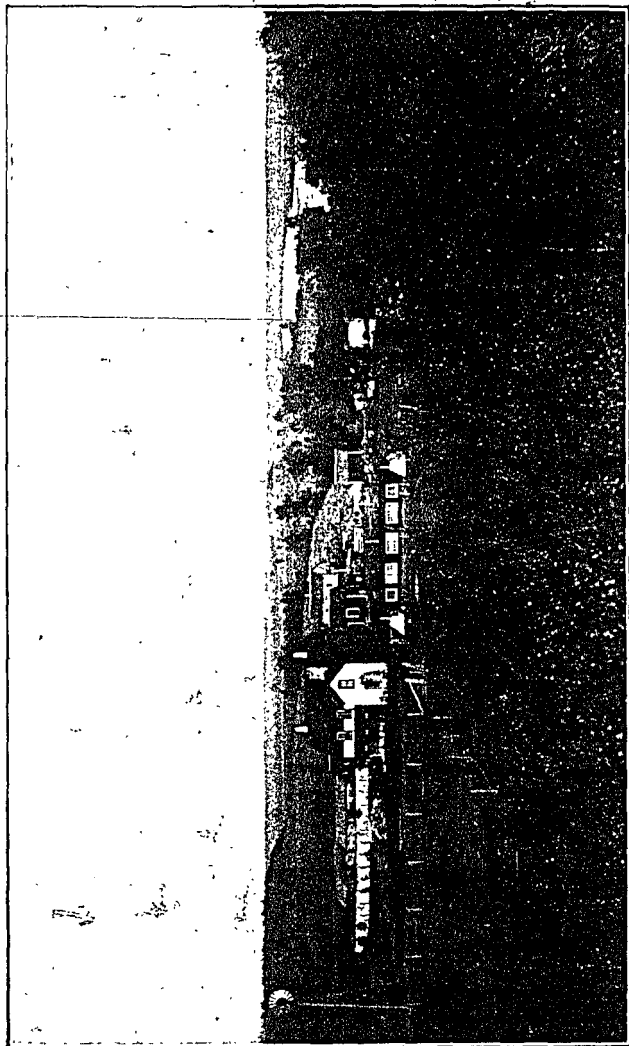
me and I wanted my boys to have every chance I could give them. Perhaps it was a foolhardy thing for me to do, venturing to a new land with eight children and just one thousand dollars capital, but I don't think I thought of anything but settling the boys on farm homes, and we were all willing to work. Of the struggle I might tell you a great deal—of the inconveniences of pioneer life I had my share—but I must say this: I never regretted coming; I never lost, but rather gained in money in the coming, and I am here yet, eighty odd years of age, to tell you that my children are all splendidly settled around me and in excellent health."

Mrs. Balfour's native modesty refused to say how much of the condition of things was owing to her efforts in the early days, but the story tells itself for three daughters are settled in Lumsden district; two sons still work the old homestead, now one of the prize places of the west; two other sons are in mercantile life in Lumsden town, and one is a leading lawyer in the town of Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan.

The combined wealth of the Balfour sons is placed at \$150,000 (£30,000); a son-in-law, Mr. Fred Carss, writing that entire figure after his name. James Balfour, the lawyer son, settled in Regina, is one of the prominent business men of the Canadian West, and he says; "The way my mother got along in the early days stands testimony to the merits of the Canadian West as well as to woman's chances in the Canadian West. Mother gave us all good educations, putting me through college, and giving us all every chance possible, and to-day we are glad to see her enjoying the fruits of that toil and labor which she bravely undertook."

### The "Craighurst" Farm

"Craighurst" comprises 800 acres of rolling prairie, and is the country seat of Mr. Charles W. Peterson, eight miles south of Calgary, on one of the many trails which branch out and lead to a hundred English homes,



"CRAIGHURST," NEAR CALGARY



for Calgary is pre-eminently English. Mr. Peterson, while occupying an important office, that of Secretary of the Calgary Board of Trade, finds time to personally conduct a farm-ranch; his pure-bred Shorthorns, Shropshires and Clydes being known throughout the west. Mr. Peterson prides himself on his stock, and while attending to the practical part of his work he also takes pleasure as it comes, for at his door is a sweeping curve of the "Elbow," a lovely stream where the finest trout fishing is to be had, three pound beauties often being hooked within two minutes' walk of his own door.

Mrs. Peterson, an accomplished musician, sets store by her butter-making, her poultry, her vegetable garden and her flower garden and canaries; for she makes a paying proposition of each and all of these active branches of farm life. A pleasant chat with this adaptable lady reveals the fact that domestic, business and social matters can be carried on in the prairie west at one and the same time, for "Craighurst," a model home, draws from its acres every penny that sustains its hospitable walls.

Asked concerning her work, Mrs. Peterson said: "Perhaps you would like to see for yourself just how my farm work pays me?" producing a set of books from a desk near by. "Here you will find my cash receipts overbalancing my expenses, for out west we are bound to make money, you know. Butter receipts, egg sales, poultry figures and pigeons were there set down; while the very handsome price shown for "cockerels" reached \$3.00 and \$5.00

"Do you mean to say you get that amount for your birds?"

"I do," was the answer, "you see I keep none but the best and I get the best prices; all my poultry are pure-bred, and if you glance down further you will see I receive from \$3.00 to \$5.00 apiece for my canaries. I do quite a thriving business in cage birds, and I have great luck raising them."

"Craighurst" is an ideal home, every modern improvement being found therein; it is lighted by gas, generated

on the premises; a supply of water from the Bow River, with bath and all conveniences; while the interior decorations are those of a city home.

"I enjoy the life out here," said Mr. Peterson, "enjoy the work and the labor on the farm-ranch. I find it highly remunerative, and healthy as well; and I would say, generally, the Canadian West offers to the monied man almost every opening that might be named. Ranching, especially pays, and when I tell you that I came to Canada almost penniless, working my way up and on from being a mere clerk at an office desk, you will see for yourself that, being still under 34 years of age, I have made good use of Canadian opportunities.—Why, yes, certainly, I shall be glad to answer any letters from anyone on the subject of Western Canada."

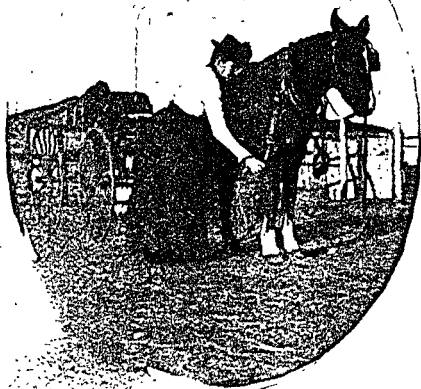
### Madame Brokovski's Happy Home

One of the most interesting interviews given was that with Madame Brokovski, whose husband came to Battleford in 1886.

"We found the conditions anything but encouraging," said this accomplished lady, "and out of a desire to help, I set about the business of poultry raising and milk selling, gaining my experience and knowledge as I went on. Mr. Brokovski bought me a single Jersey cow, and with this stock-in-trade I began to look about me for customers. My Jersey in time became the mother of a fine calf, and there in the meadow you see the calf granddaughter of my first investment. The three give me quite all I can attend to myself, and I save and sell my cream each Saturday, getting 35 cents per quart, and I could handle double the amount if I could undertake the work. But my poultry take considerable time; I have raised 75 chicks this spring, and I get 17 cents per pound for the dressed fowl. Eggs bring me 35 cents just now, but the price never goes below 25 cents."

"This is a wonderful country for people of ambition and energy. All you require is system and the willingness

to work; it is an ideal country for practical women—and the opportunities for all classes of laboring women, housekeepers especially, cannot be overestimated. A man with a family of grown-up sons would find here all the chances for preferment, and the girls who are schooled in household service are independent; much sought after as wives and impossible to keep unmarried."



DOT AND HER MISTRESS

As the lady spoke she led the way to a neat hen-house where a large flock of prize poultry picked up scattered seed. "It costs me almost nothing to keep fowl," she said. "The waste grain fattens them, and they scratch the gravelly soil for themselves. But (looking at her watch) it is time for me to harness 'Dot' (a half-mile-dash record racer), and my customers are awaiting their cream for afternoon tea." So saying, the lady stepped to the pas-

ture lands leading to the great open prairies beyond, and leading a spirited little pony to the shafts proceeded in the most matter of fact way to buckle and strap him to the light buggy. On the way to town, Madame enlarged on their good luck in being Battleford settlers. "The farm, 'Brookhurst,'" said she, "cost us some \$4 (16 shillings) an acre, and to-day you couldn't buy the land for \$30 (£6) per acre.

### Mrs. John Huston "At Home"

The Medicine Hat district boasts many capable women farmers and ranchers, but Mrs. John Huston at home to her friends has a most interesting tale to unfold of her experience in the west. "We carried all we had in the world with us," she said, "but we can count to-day on 'Pine Grove Ranche' 200 sheep, 200 head of horses, and 75 of horned stock." Ducks, turkeys and chickens run into the hundreds, while her dairy returns added to poultry brings in as "pin money" \$800.00 each year.

Pine Grove Ranche sold last summer stock amounting to \$2,000, "and we are reducing our stock owing to a lack of room," said Mrs. H. "People are squeezing us for rooms nowadays, and settlement is closing in on the old-timers who made the mistake of not securing enough land when it was cheap and plentiful."

Mrs. Huston has planted thousands of maples, and her pretty farm home, set in a beautiful pine grove, has a grand outlook from all sides; the maples forming a background in autumn tints which would delight the eye of the artist. Box alders, pines, spruce and maples, all planted on the open prairie, grow to perfection.

Mrs. Huston was found "At Home" in her town house, for it was late October when she told the story of her western work. Her house is heated and lighted with the natural gas of this district, and she showed her bills for four months, light and fuel in gas, to be exactly \$4.12—

this from June until September. Her winter bill for the same accommodation reached \$16 00.

"A country like this," said she, "which solves the heat and light question at so small a sum, is the right place to come to. A newcomer from the Old Country should, coming to Canada, have at least one hundred pounds. Three hundred pounds would set him up in business and relieve all thoughts of worry as to the future. I advise monied women to come to the Canadian West," said Mrs. Huston. "So many splendid chances for making money are to be found here, and many illustrations are to be found right here in the 'Hat'."



MRS. HUSTON AT HOME.

## Mrs. E. Groves' Grain Stacks Answer

"I don't want to make anybody think I am the owner of this fine farm," said Mrs. E. Groves, as she worked the patent churn she stood by when interviewed, "and I'd rather you'd ask father about how we got on out west. But he's too busy saving the hay, perhaps, to stop work and talk about our successes, but if you look at the big stacks yonder (twelve mountains of grain looming up) you'll have a pretty good idea of how the crop turned out this year.

"We came to Wetaskiwin, Alberta, in 1900, with just enough capital to start on: that means enough to buy a cow, a plow and a horse—and I'm not too sure but that horse wasn't saddled with a mortgage for a spell," she added. "We bought a half section of Canadian Pacific Railway lands, getting easy terms of payment, and got it at \$3.00 (12 shillings) per acre, then. Now the same land is worth \$15.00 (£3) and \$20.00 (£4) an acre, but of course this is because people are crowding in so fast. Why, when we came here first, just five years ago, you could count all the settlers on the fingers of one hand, and just look about you now! Why folks have to go a hundred miles off to get homesteads, and they do go, too!" she added.

"My own part in the farm work is quite all I can attend to for I make fifty pounds of butter each week, as well as making a big turn-over in eggs and poultry sales. I don't want to do any blowing of cow horns," said the lady, taking down a great bunch of red tickets marked "prize," "but here are my butter prizes, first prizes every one of them, and this summer at the big agricultural fair I carried off \$26 (£5 4s.) in cash prizes as well! Does butter-making pay? Well, I should say so; the only trouble is we can't get household help to keep up with the demands of the market; I could sell three, aye, and four times the quantity I handle in butter, eggs and poultry, but I can only do what my own hands carry out, for girls will not

stay at farm-house labor; the bachelors in the district won't let them!

"If you want grain facts, all I can tell you is that this year my husband raised 2,000 bushels of wheat off 80 acres. We haven't finished threshing yet, or I might tell you how our oats come out; but I can tell you this: samples of our oat fields have been sent across to the United States to the big fairs there. Some American visitors asked to be allowed to send the samples to show "Uncle Sam what Canada could do when it got busy. They said they never



SENTINELS AGAINST WANT

saw the like of our oats, but we told them the crop was only usual.

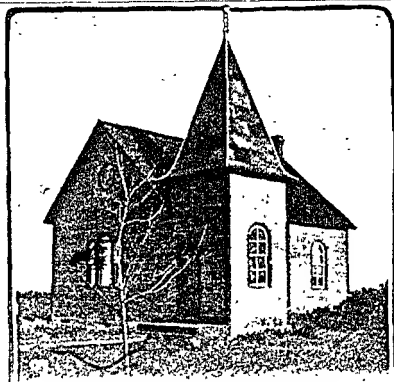
"Are we satisfied? Ask me that when I tell you we started with just enough to get along on." Well, now, I think the stacks out there answer that question. What would we sell for? We wouldn't sell our interests here for, let me see—well, we wouldn't sell out at any figure, for where in the world would we go and do better than we have done right here in Wetaskiwin?"

## What a Welsh Woman Thinks of Western Canada

Mrs. Osborne Brown, who hails from Wales, and whose pretty bungalow home stands some six miles out of the city of Calgary, gives her account of how a Welsh woman has prospered in Western Canada. Mrs. Brown was met at her own doorway just as she was stepping into her carriage, whip in hand, on her way to town to transact her marketing business, for the lady is one of the biggest farm-business

managers in the whole west. Giving her own words:—

"You want to know what my opinion is of this country as a homeland for Old Country women of education? I wonder if my own personal experience would demonstrate what Wales can do, at least? My husband is a Lancashire



A "SUBSCRIPTION" CHURCH NEAR CALGARY

man, and a "younger son," which interpreted means he hadn't any prospects in England; so, having heard a good deal and read a good deal of the Canadian West, he somewhat rashly set out for the New World without any other capital than curiosity. Curiosity to see and know how and why England was letting all her boys go, and curiosity to know how the new world of promise was going to treat them. He had every opportunity to discover these things for himself, for he landed in Calgary without any money at all and without any prospects whatever.

"Fortunately Mr. Brown had made up his mind that he



wanted to work; any illusions about Canada being a place where men can succeed without labor are soon dispelled, for there is no chance anywhere in Canada for the idler. Without any scruples whatever, Mr. Brown hired out as a 'farm-hand'; he came to learn how to control and manage his own farm and he wisely considered that to do this successfully he must learn the business from the start. He didn't intend to be any man's 'hired help' always, however; so, while he worked for wages, he set about securing a homestead and put every dollar he earned in improving the place: this meant getting a roof ready to shelter his family. Then it was that I came on the scene. Together we studied the situation, and together decided that if we wanted to keep up with the country we had to work hard. This wasn't as hard to do as you might suppose, for everybody around us was working—there was no excuse for dawdling, for the demand for the product of labor was not only a cry but it was a pleading shriek. We had a garden and I bought a pair of chickens and a young pig. This was our 'stock.' The garden behaved well; my vegetables from the first proved very remunerative, and eggs and chickens were in great demand. We set out the wild fruit trees, and in a few seasons we had lots of fruit to add to our market sales. By this time we had purchased several cows and my butter-making proved the biggest returns in a cash way. In winter, when you'd suppose a farm couldn't yield any cash returns, the long evenings gave my embroidery needle a chance to assist, and I sold a great deal of this kind of work."

Mr. Osborne Brown added a most enthusiastic sequel story to his wife's statement. "Western Canada," said he, "contains all the elements that make success. It is a country of unbounded possibilities. In England, men of social position must have wealth; they cannot adopt manual work even if wealth fails them, but here in Canada you can be a working man and a gentleman as well. It is a 'gentleman's' country," said Mr. Brown, "for here an income of £500 means independence. He has his sport and his farm-home (at home they would call it an estate),

shooting, fishing, at his door with no severe restrictions, and one never comes across the sign 'trespass.' Numbers of young Englishmen of family and fortune are finding out these facts and are coming over to live here. Only last week, commissioned by two wealthy young Englishmen, I bought two quarter sections of land in this vicinity; I paid for one quarter \$500 (£100), and for the other \$2,500 (£500), the latter had a good house and water on the prem-



AT OSBORNE BROWN'S BUNGALOW

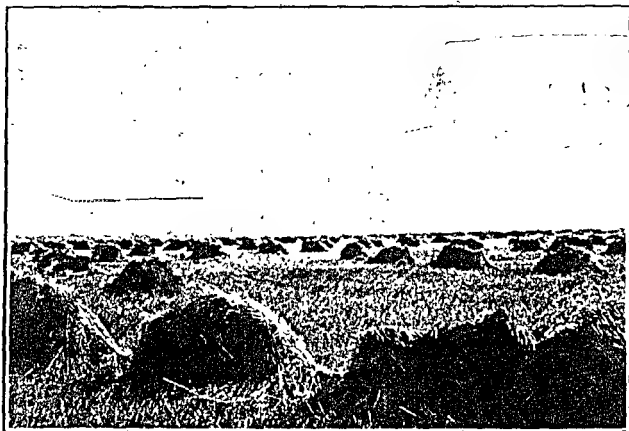
ises, already fenced, and some land broken ready for the seeder. Do you know, within a week of the purchase I was offered a good advance on the price, and if signs go for anything this property will be worth double the money paid for it before these young chaps get here to turn the next furrow.

"You see, we lack nothing here," said Mr. Brown "We

have a good public school and church close by. The church is a 'subscription' church; that is, the settlers in the immediate vicinity built, equipped and invited a pastor, and as an evidence of the sincerity to keep it going, I may tell you that the Christmas collection of 1904 was exactly \$120.00 (£24), and our Easter offering the same year touched the \$100.00 (£20) mark.

### A Record Oat Field

An oat crop grown in 1905, in the Eagle Hills district, Battleford, is one which challenges the world! It was



grown by George Truscott, late of West Ham, England, and was threshed, measured and examined by experts on his farm home in September, 1905.

Mr. Truscott, whose record oat crop brought him into prominence recently, tells how he came to the Battleford district with the Lloydminster colony; how he broke away from that body of fellow Britishers and how he secured

320 acres of farm lands in the Eagle Hills, putting \$1 200 (£240) into a half section of the best arable land—renting a school section as pasturage at four cents an acre per annum; purchasing a hay permit at fifty cents, with leave to cut all you want of the succulent prairie hay. Starting with twenty cows, three horses, fifty hens, and in two years becoming an established “Canadian” in the great west. Mrs. Truscott, no less active, between her hours of leisure devoted to music, attends to the wants of passing guests, who find in “Truscott’s place” entertainment and shelter. She deals in poultry extensively, and is a good butter-maker, averaging 35 pounds per week market sales in addition to making what is used on her own public tables.

“No matter what you raise on a prairie farm you can always sell it for hard cash,” said Mrs. Truscott. “We grew two hundred bushels of potatoes on one single acre of ground this year; no irrigation or fertilization being needed. We just put in the seed and the ground did the rest.

“What I like about Canada is the way, the neighborly way, we get along out here. We exchange work, helping each other, for it is impossible to get hired help in the season of harvest. Everyone is on his own place, his own master and doing for himself, a state of things which speaks volumes for the country, but introduces the question of capital and labor. It seems to be all capital out west!”

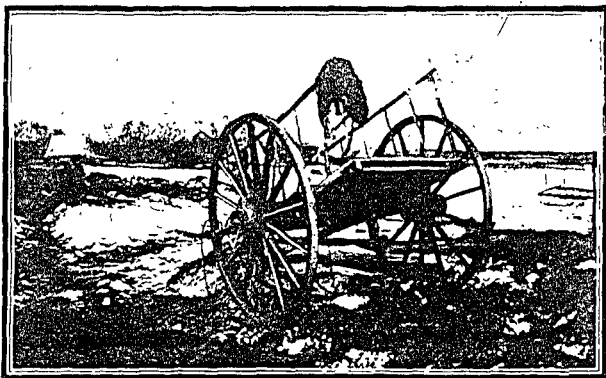
Asked if he had any message to send back to his own countrymen, Mr. Truscott said in most decided tones:—

“Yes; tell all Englishmen that success in Western Canada means getting away from ourselves—getting in amongst Canadian born—gaining practical experience as ‘farm-hands’ for which there is a great demand all over, and then fulfilling the conditions attached to homesteading, going to work with both hands and working every inch of ground we can handle. You may say,” added Mr. Truscott, “that I am perfectly satisfied with the change from West Ham to Canada; that I have been told I hold

the record for oat growing, in my one-hundred-and-twenty-five bushels to the prairie acre, and that if anyone can beat that I'd like to hear from him. My P.O. address is Battleford, Saskatchewan."

### A Nebraska Lady in Saskatoon

Mrs. F. E. Baxter, of Peterburg, Nebraska, wife of a prominent physician, met in the thriving town of Saskatoon, on the Prince-Albert-branch-of-the-C.P.R., is today one of the most enthusiastic "Canadians" to be found out west. Her story reads like a romance, but the tale is



A RELIC OF EARLY DAYS

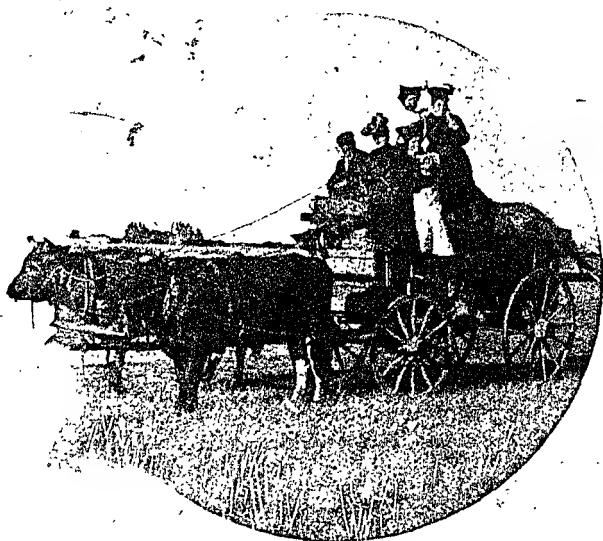
an o'er true one, and from the lady's own lips runs as follows:-

"My husband broke down in health in Nebraska, and after some time decided to come to the Western Canada country in order to build up a system thoroughly run down. He came in 1901, just when the Canadian West began to be known as the great grain-growing land, finding his health improve wonderfully, for from a complete invalid, the doctor so improved that he entered business

here, starting a bank, a newspaper, and investing in farm lands. We had just got nicely started in business, my husband deciding to remove permanently to this country, and finding it necessary to give up some Nebraska interest, we sent back to the South to sell out, turn all we had into ready cash and put every dollar in Canadian prairie soil. My husband had selected nine sections of farm lands, buying from the Canadian Pacific Railway, on the instalment plan, and all I knew about the business was that we were to leave Nebraska for good, settle in Saskatoon and enjoy life with renewed health and strength. I was willing to live anywhere if the doctor could be well, so we said goodbye to all our friends and set out again for Saskatoon. On the way north my husband was stricken down, a paralytic stroke coming on him while travelling, and he was taken from the train to linger a while and then to die. Of that time I can only say I wanted to get out of the country—I wanted to get away out of the country—to never see it again—to go home to my people in Nebraska and stay there. So after burying my husband I started back for Saskatoon to close up the business. That dates the time I began to be a 'business' woman.

"I reached Saskatoon to find everybody excited. Projected railway lines had become surveyed certainties. Immigration had become a steady stream and the land values were not only going up but were soaring. I looked into my husband's business with a solicitor and found many things to bother me. The bank passed into other hands—a Main street building rented at \$27.00 per month, was now sought after at \$35.00, and before an agreement could be arranged it was worth \$45, and later brought me in \$55.00 per month, while some property, listed by my husband at \$3.50 per acre, was now eagerly sought at \$8.50, and the same land sold afterwards actually for \$50.00 per acre! All this bewildered me, but I began to think of the railway lands, and to my astonishment learned that a town had been opened up in the middle of our railway lands. That fact alone tells the whole story. What had been bought as farm property from the railway company at an ordinary

price, now became town property, and is valued at \$70,000 to-day. I buy, sell, lease and manage entirely my business; attend to the business end of the proposition with every confidence that I shall come through all right. At first, of course, I felt frightened at the great responsibility thrust upon me, but I found bright, energetic and brave Canadian women standing at the helm of duty all around me; saw them attending to business and carrying on actively the work of farming and ranching; and the sudden and unex-



GOING TO AN AFTERNOON TEA

pected turn affairs took at that critical time of my experience, perhaps, lent me courage with hope.

"What am I doing now? Watching the country develop, selling and buying again, and this very morning I sent out a surveyor and men to stake out 500 lots at the Elbow, where, if you choose, you can buy some choice lots

in the new town. You see, I can't help doing business. I am leaving for Nebraska in the morning, and you may be sure I shall tell the folks down there that Western Canada is the place for men and women who want to get on.

"How do I like the social side of prairie life? Immensely. For pure joy of informality in social life Western Canada stands away ahead of all the places I know. We visit each other and have our social enjoyments quite like other people, and what I like best about the country is the happy-hearted hospitality with which strangers are met on coming here. Life in Western Canada is delightful. Here you have a picture of a few of my friends and myself going to visit a neighbor and take afternoon tea. Observe the chariot we are mounted on? Isn't that delightful? Now, where but in Western Canada would you see a picture like that? That's me handling the 'ribbons,' and the ribbons are the most dreadful old knotted ends of rope you ever saw! But we were enjoying one of the loveliest prairie days you could imagine in October, and it doesn't matter 'how you get there' out west, as long as you 'get there on time!'"

Mrs. Baxter kindly gave the picture for reproduction, and while it does not exactly represent the usual means of transportation on the western plains, still it shows how ladies of fashion take a prairie holiday outing when intent on having an afternoon tea!

### How the Chamberlains Found Canada

Down in the Wood Mountain district, some two hundred miles south of Moosejaw, Saskatchewan, where never a railway whistle has yet broken the silence of the hills, a neat home set in a pretty cotton-wood belting of timber stands. There a German-American mother and daughter carry on quite independently a large and money-making business in cattle-ranching. Twenty years ago the two women, the daughter a babe, accompanied by husband and father left Missouri, U.S.A., in search of pasturage for a small band of sixteen horses, their whole riches. The three travelled northward without thinking where they



were bound only seeking the life-giving grasses for the weakened brutes upon which their own lives depended. After some weeks' travel, neither compass nor book being consulted, a halt was made by this little group of American Bedouins, for the long trek had brought them to free flowing waters and rich pasturage lands where no toll was made. They gladly threw together a rough corral for the famished horses and built a rough log shelter for themselves.

Then, when this, to them Eldorado, was found, the hand of death was laid upon the husband and father and a rude hollow in the prairie ground was made by the bereaved wife. It was then she first learned that she had come to Canada, and was under the British flag. It took all the stout will of the German heart and the quickened American spirit to meet this occasion of grief, and it was met nobly. The mother went to work and begun to manage her small herd of horses, now sleek and fat under the influence of food of the richest quality. One may imagine the hardships of that first winter in a strange land; two helpless women—one a mere child—with all a man's work and all a man's portion of care to be borne. Women's wit won. Knowing everything depended upon her efforts to keep things moving, and the work of the range to be done in a man's way, this wonderful woman donned the apparel of her dead husband, knowing the work and her protection called for this appearance of strength and ownership. In that time it must be remembered the boundary country rang with the shots of the cowboy, and fights were of frequent occurrence, with cattle stealing on the boundary line. Bronzed by the sun and tanned by the winds, riding her bronchos along the range, to all passers-by this dauntless woman of the west passed for a man-rancher, and the success of "the Yankee fellow" began to be talked about. For the little band of sixteen emaciated horses was becoming a large ranch of sleek-sided, grass-fat horses, to which the buyer and the trader looked for replenishment as years went by.

No one questioned the slight-built young "rancher" as

"he" talked market prices and stood up for stock rights on his hillside home; and none questioned the ability with which the ranch was run. But as the years went by and settlers dribbled in (for you can't keep good men out of Canada) when other women came with their husbands and children, then it was that the "rancher" came to tell her story. All that was twenty years ago.

To-day "Chamberlains' ranch" is one of the picturesque spots in the cattle ranges of South Saskatchewan. The Chamberlain ranch sends thousands of horses to Moosejaw, the overland market and shipping point for the great, broad-acred south; and "the Chamberlains" have added cattle to their ranch riches, and the mistress, still to be found in working overalls and rough shirted for the duty, puts up hay, cuts and stacks her winter's supply of fodder, and rides like a soldier over



A CATTLE ROUND-UP

her boundless acres to cull and to count her flocks and herd and to "count out" the mavericks which a critical market scorns.

Mrs. Chamberlain has become a wealthy woman. Her cattle sales vie with her returns in horse-flesh, for last year her beef returns for a single season netted this remarkable woman \$3,000 (£600), while 1904 gave her \$4,000.00 (£800), this being just the returns of two seasons' work alone.

Mrs. Chamberlain still handles her ranch work. If you drive south of Moosejaw you'll find Chamberlain ranch, a contented home on the trail; you'll find its owner and mistress engaged in buying, selling and critically selecting

stock among traders, or perchance you'll find her astride a racing horse flying across the prairies, but wherever you find her, you will find her ready to tell you the wonderful story of how she sought and found riches in western Canada, and how success came to her in Wood Mountain district.

It is in this district, on the famous Bonneau-ranch, one of the cattle kings of the plains, Pascal Bonneau, a college grad., has become a kind of millionaire in the cattle business, and here you see him in his range dress, prepared to ship 500 head of fat stock at the Canadian Pacific Railway station at Moosejaw, Saskatchewan, on October 6th, 1905.

Pascal Bonneau invites correspondence from those wanting information concerning the Wood Mountain district and its possibilities for this big money-making business. The Bonneaus started life in Wood Mountain with six horses and \$50 (£10) in cash. That was in 1889. To-day they are capitalists.

### \$10,000 from \$400 Capital in Three Years



Mrs. James Mair, widow, three years ago found herself bereaved, and with exactly \$400.00. Last year she was rated by the Moosejaw assessment officer at \$10,000 (£2,000).

"How did you do this, Mrs. Mair?" brought the answer:

"I had just \$400 (£80) in the house when my husband lay dead, and the bills coming in just about set me crazy. I knew \$400 (£80) wouldn't cover outstanding accounts, so I went to our creditors and asked them to give me time. Everyone said, promptly, yes. I thought out the situation that night and decided to keep a roof over my head any way, for my two boys, small and helpless, must be schooled, and I must have a home for them. I bought with this

money a house, and by a streak of luck, the rise in land values struck the west at this juncture. Before I moved into the house I had paid \$400 for, I was offered an advance on the purchase and I took it. That gave me a little more capital and I watched out for another place to buy. I bought, and again luck was with me; I sold once more, and then I got brave and set out to look up buyers, having my own bit of property only "listed." I then sold on commission, and made more money and—well, I am a regular land agent now, eager for the first purchaser and making an independence.

"I live here with my boys. They are going to school and I am giving them every chance; my land sales are conducted with my home cares. People come to me and I take them to where land is to be sold or seen, and I get my commission, or I sell outright. I feel much braver now than I did the day I made my first investment, I tell you; but maybe it was a stroke of luck rather than any ability of mine that gave me the chance to turn \$400 into \$10,000 in three years."



THE YOUNGEST RANCHER IN THE WEST

## RAILWAY LAND REGULATIONS

The Canadian Pacific Railway Lands consist of odd-numbered sections along the Main Line and Branches. These are for sale at the various agencies of the Company in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, at prices ranging from \$6.00 to \$20.00 per acre. The price of grazing lands is about \$6.00 per acre, and of lands suitable for grain growing and mixed farming from \$6.00 to \$20.00 per acre, according to quality and location.

Maps showing the lands in detail have been prepared and will be sent free to applicants.

### Terms of Payment:

An actual settler may purchase not more than 640 acres on the ten instalment plan by paying a cash instalment at time of purchase, interest at six per cent. on the unpaid purchase money at the end of the first year, and the balance of the principal with interest, in nine equal instalments annually thereafter, as shown in the following table:

| 160 ACRES           | CASH PAY'T. | 1ST YEAR'S INT. |                                  |
|---------------------|-------------|-----------------|----------------------------------|
| at \$6.00 per acre, | \$143.80    | \$18.98         | and nine instalments of \$120.00 |
| 7.00 "              | 167.80      | 57.16           | " " 140.00                       |
| 8.00 "              | 191.70      | 65.28           | " " 160.00                       |
| 9.00 "              | 215.70      | 73.45           | " " 180.00                       |
| 10.00 "             | 239.70      | 81.62           | " " 200.00                       |

Purchasers who do not undertake to go into residence on the land are required to pay one-sixth of the purchase money down and the balance in five equal annual instalments with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

Interest at six per cent. will be charged on overdue instalments.

**F. T. GRIFFIN,**  
Land Commissioner,  
Winnipeg, Manitoba.